Those Tight Tight Shorts

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Those Tight Tight Shorts

by lumosatnight

Summary

The war is over, the big baddie defeated, and Sirius can't stop thinking about his godson's arse.

Notes

Thank you, Em, for the enthusiasm and the willingness to beta this whirlwind of a fic! This was supposed to be hot age difference smut but then turned into a lot of mutual pining with a dash of war trauma and a low-key Daddy kink. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

The war was over, the big baddie defeated. It had been months since You Know Poo had shown his snakey face.

Sirius was supposed to be getting on with his life. And he was. He *was*. But there was something that just kept nagging him, tickling him in the middle of the night, hovering by his shoulder when he was having a drink by the fireplace after a long day of yelling at Kreacher again.

Sirius called it his little devil spawn. Remus called it his godson.

Harry James Potter, Order of Merlin First Class and Miraculously Not Dead was refusing to move out of Grimmauld Place — not that Sirius had tried that hard to kick him out, mind you. ("You have nowhere to go? Oh, such a pity. I suppose you'll have to stay a while longer.") The boy, who was not so much a boy anymore but a young man, went in and out of the house at all hours, refused to comb his hair before noon, and wore the shortest shorts Sirius had ever had the (mis)fortune of laying eyes upon.

But it was all fine. Everything was fine.

Sirius would rather go blind than force his one and only godson onto the streets. Or, Merlin forbid, into someone else's bed (Harry and the young Malfoy heir had struck up an odd friendship recently which Sirius still didn't understand). He would give everything to Harry. Hell, Harry could have the whole house even, if he would just put on some goddamn trousers. Merlin's pants, was that really too much to ask?

Sirius was not the most innocent man by any means (he'd been to Azkaban for Circe's sake), but even Dumbledore the High Holy Warlock himself wouldn't be able to look away from Harry's Quidditch-toned legs whenever he popped into the kitchen for a midnight snack. Or, the not-so-subtle swell of his cock through the front of his boxer shorts. Or, the light sheen of sweat on his forehead that made Sirius question just what exactly his godson was getting up to in the middle of the night.

The worst had been the one time Sirius had been brooding in the hallway (Remus called it sulking), and Harry had collided with him, a biscuit in one hand, a glass of milk in the other. Sirius, fast reflexes that he didn't have, had reached out to keep them both from falling, hands landing in a tight grip on Harry's lean waist.

Harry had been so warm, so solid. He had stuttered out a "Thank you," his warm, biscuit-scented breath floating across Sirius's face for a fleeting moment before he raced upstairs.

Sirius was ashamed to say he had watched the back of those tight tight shorts all the way until they disappeared at the top of the stairs. By that time, Sirius's own trousers had been feeling a bit tight as well.

So, Sirius did what he always did when he had a problem he couldn't solve: He went to Remus.

Remus greeted him at the door to his cottage in a jumper at least as old as McGonagall and a set of polka-dotted purple socks.

“Sirius.”

“Well, are you going to let me in? It’s raining Crups out here.”

“You could’ve just Flooed.” Remus left the door open for Sirius to follow him in.

“Tried.” Sirius shook his head, water spraying up the walls and onto the ceiling. “Your Floo’s closed.”

Remus wrinkled his nose. “Yes, I suppose it is.”

“It’s fine,” said Sirius. He understood the need to be alone, the desire to lock oneself away from the world and all of its responsibilities. “So, how’s Teddy doing?”

In answer, a loud cry sounded from the nearest bedroom.

Remus sighed and ran a hand through his ragged hair. “As you can tell, he’s managing.”

Sirius clapped his old friend on the shoulder and pushed past him to find the chocolate Remus always kept on hand. “I thought he was s‘posed to be at Dromie’s this week,” he gurgled through a mouthful of chocolate.

Remus reappeared in the kitchen, holding a squirming Teddy.

“He was, but Andromeda’s sick with the Giggles, and Narcissa’s taking Draco shopping in France. Actually,” — Remus handed Sirius a napkin which he batted away — “shouldn’t you know this already? I thought Harry went with them.”

“He did.” Sirius took an impressively large bite of chocolate.

“Ahh,” said Remus, in his there’s-the-answer-I-was-looking-for teacher’s voice. “That’s why you’re here. You’re bored.”

Sirius scowled. “Am not.”

“Right,” said Remus, “and I’m the Minister of Magic.”

“You could be if you wanted.”

“Don’t be stupid. It doesn’t become you.”

Sirius shrugged and finished off the chocolate bar.

“More to the point,” said Remus, clearing his throat and moving Teddy to the other hip. “Why are you here?”

“Have you ever been attracted to someone you shouldn’t be?” Sirius rummaged through the cupboard, looking for his lucky cup. He refused to turn around and see Remus’s reaction to

his declaration. He didn't need to see the worried frown or furrowed brow to know it was there.

"Possibly…" Remus responded slowly.

"I mean someone *younger* … like a lot younger."

"I married Tonks, didn't I?"

Sirius grasped the handle of his cup and waved it vaguely at Remus. "You did, didn't you? Such a cradle-robber, you are."

"Sirius, what is this about?" *Ugh oh,* it was Remus's Serious (Sirius) Voice. Sirius always hated it when it was directed at him.

He set the cup down on the counter with a clunk.

"It's Harry."

"What about him?"

Teddy started pulling Remus's hair, and Sirius took the momentary distraction to get his thoughts in order. How much *exactly* did he want to reveal? Definitely not the exact length of Harry's straining hardness in the morning. And definitely not the number of times he had nearly caught Sirius checking out the curve of his arse in those sinful shorts.

"Look, Pads." Remus set Teddy down in the high chair and handed him a bowl of orange-coloured mush. It looked disgusting. "I don't know what's going on with you two lately, but just talk to him. I'm sure you can figure out whatever this *thing* is."

"Nothing! Nothing's going on!" Sirius shouted in a panic.

Remus raised a pointed eyebrow which Sirius had the grace to ignore.

"Da," said Teddy, injecting himself into the conversation and nodding his tiny blue head.

"Exactly, Teds, thank you." Sirius gave his head a small pat, and Teddy's hair faded to a deep black, the same length and shade as Sirius's own hair.

Remus sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. He took a long minute to compose himself, then, "So, why are you here exactly?"

"Needed a distraction." Sirius blew a raspberry at Teddy who laughed uproariously and splattered orange goo everywhere.

Remus frowned. "You know I don't do that anymore. Not since Tonks." He looked towards the ground, but not before Sirius could see that his eyes were wet.

Sirius reached out tentatively and gripped his arm. "I know," he said soothingly, "just thought I would ask."

Remus stiffened at Sirius's touch but didn't pull away.

"We could, you know, pretend." Sirius gripped a little harder. "Like old times, yeah? Just pretend like we're strangers. Maybe I'm the handsome bloke you picked up at the bar and brought back for a night of anonymous fun."

Remus gave a wet laugh. "It wouldn't be something as pedestrian as that."

"Well, then, how about I've had a bad potions accident, and I need to be treated by my very sexy Healer? My very sexy Healer with very skilled hands." He managed a wink in Remus's direction.

Remus rolled his eyes, but the corner of his lips was pulled up into a smile. "Alright," he said, hands raising in the universal sign of surrender. "Alright, fine. But let me put Teddy down for a nap first."

"Sure, sure," said Sirius. It wasn't like he was in any rush. Harry would be gone all week. The more time Remus used to distract him the better.

"Stay," Remus ordered, and *oh,* Sirius did so love when Remus used his bossy voice.

"Yes, sir."

Remus appraised him. "I want you stripped and on the table by the time I return. We'll start the examination straight away." His eyes glittered, and Sirius ached for him. It had been so long since he had seen anything but grief in his friend's eyes. He was happy to see the light starting to return.

"Right away, sir."

"And Sirius…"

Sirius looked up from where he was already starting to remove his trousers.

"I might be able to distract you temporarily, but you can't run from your feelings forever."

"Feck off, Moony."

Sirius flipped him the bird, but Remus was already escaping down the hallway, carrying a drowsy Teddy away.

*

Harry stumbled out of the Floo and fell face-first onto the hideous carpet adorning the drawing room floor. He coughed out a lungful of ashes and struggled to an upright position.

"See you Friday!" Draco yelled through the fireplace. "Don't be late!"

"Whatever," said Harry and promptly wretched into the nearest vase.

“Heathen,” muttered Draco, but it sounded more fond than scathing.

Harry flicked his wand, and the Floo shuttered closed, right over Draco’s shocked face. If someone had told him six months ago that he and Draco Malfoy would be not only grudging acquaintances but actual friends, he would have laughed in their faces and then checked for signs of the Imperius Curse.

Be that as it was, he and Draco were most certainly friends… sort of. They tolerated each other at least.

It was refreshing to spend time with someone who *absolutely did not give a fuck* about public opinion.

“My reputation’s already shit,” Draco had said the first time Harry had run into him at the pub, drunk off his arse and wearing a pair of sparkly pink devil horns. “Mind as well make the most of it.”

“I’ll cheers to that.” Harry had clinked their glasses together, then downed his drink in one go.

It had been all downhill from there.

Whenever Harry needed to let loose, whenever he just wanted a night of drunken debauchery to forget the horrible events of the war (which was often), he owled Draco with the name of a pub and a time. Draco was never late; sometimes he was even early, already seated at the bar, multiple drinks in front of him.

Their most recent excursion had been an impromptu trip to France (at Draco’s invitation this time). Something about ‘Mother Dearest’ needing new clothes but ditching last minute and sending Draco to pick them up instead. Draco had said Harry should tag along and Harry wasn’t about to let a whole week of that gloriously-empty Malfoy French villa go to waste.

Unfortunately, their week of Firewhiskey shots and elf wine bombs had been cut short when Luna called, needing a helper for her next Nundu safari. Harry didn’t know what had transpired in the Malfoy Manor basement last spring, but whatever it was must’ve been pretty damn momentous because whenever Luna called, Draco came running. Not only running but bodily throwing himself out the window with the closest broom he could find. It had taken all of Harry’s considerable grip strength to haul him back inside and convince him to use the Floo like a normal wizard. Harry had also convinced him to take one last Firewhiskey shot with him before meeting up with Luna.

Harry was regretting that decision now, arse over tea kettle, upheaving his lunch into the nearest vase which was probably a Pureblood relic from the Middle Ages. He heaved again and tried to picture sunny skies and literally anything but the salmon eggs Benedict Draco had shovelled down his throat earlier that day.

He barely had time to lift his head from the vase and curl into a ball on the ground before the fireplace was sparking green again. Maybe Draco had forgotten one last joke at Harry’s expense. Or, maybe it was Hermione coming to finish him off with another of her lengthy

lectures about Harry's impossibly wild ways with Ron nodding disapprovingly over her shoulder.

If only Harry could be so lucky because it was none of the above.

Sirius stepped gracefully through the Floo, whistling an indiscriminate tune, a smile adorning his handsome face, his long hair delightfully ruffled.

He looked happy, blissful even, much more so than he had been as of late. Harry had only seen him frowning recently, a strained look on his face whenever he looked in Harry's direction. He might even go so far as to call it pained. Sometimes, Sirius would close his eyes, as if the sight of Harry alone was enough to cause him torment.

The look on his face now was the opposite of tormented — happy and relaxed, crooked smile shining brighter than the fire as he looked down at his pathetic godson.

"Harry!"

And then Harry was swept up into a great big hug, his entire body lifting off the ground. Sirius set him down and ruffled his hair affectionately. Harry was very much regretting this upright position and trying not to release the remaining contents of his stomach on Sirius's shiny leather shoes.

"You're back early!" Sirius exclaimed, latching onto Harry's elbow before his face could make friends with the carved stone bannister.

"Yeah," said Harry. "We — Luna —"

"What's that dreadful smell?" Sirius crinkled his nose, and Harry was momentarily distracted. Sirius had such a nice nose, very long and aristocratic — almost too long even. The phrase 'looking down his nose' came to mind.

"Oh, that was — *hic* — that was me, sorry."

"Not to worry. Nothing I haven't dealt with before."

Sirius flicked his wand, vanishing the vase and its ill-advised contents.

"I never liked that vase anyway. C'mon, let's get you cleaned up, then."

He led Harry down the corridor and down the stairs into the kitchen, gently setting him on a rickety chair. He ruffled Harry's hair again, touch lingering, or maybe Harry had imagined that last part.

"Water?" asked Sirius. "Tea? Pumpkin juice? Afraid I don't have much food right now. Haven't been home in a tick."

"Oh?" said Harry. He leaned his head on his hand and rested his elbow on the table. There, much better. Now he didn't have to hold his head up. He hadn't realised he had such a heavy head until now. "I didn't know you were away. Where've you been?"

“Ahh,” said Sirius, summoning the glasses from the cabinet, his broad back turned toward Harry. “Just went to see Remus. He wanted help with Teddy for a few days.”

“You?” Harry asked incredulously. “Babysitting?” A glass materialised in front of him, but he didn’t have the strength nor mental fortitude to care.

“Drink,” Sirius ordered.

“Can’t.”

“Try.” Sirius sat across from him and nudged the water closer.

“Can’t,” he whined. “Tired. Draco kept me up all night.”

“I bet he did,” muttered Sirius darkly.

“Please,” Harry said and leaned closer, head lilting toward the table. He was stopped by Sirius’s hand cupping his chin and forcing his head back up. His hand was so warm, calloused and rough but familiar. He wondered if this was what it felt like as a child, having someone who cared about you.

“Please what?”

“Help me, please.”

Harry opened his mouth and tilted his head back while Sirius stared at him. Fingers tightened on Harry’s jaw, Sirius’s dark eyes piercing into him. Harry felt his breath coming quicker, his heart beating faster.

Maybe this wasn’t what it felt like, a parent caring for their child. Surely, his heart didn’t beat this fast when Molly patted his cheek or Arthur ruffled his hair. Perhaps this was something different then, something *more.*

If only Sirius would move closer, if only Harry’s head wasn’t so murky with alcohol, he could figure out what this something was.

“No,” said Sirius, pulling away. “You’re drunk.” He released Harry’s chin, and Harry felt the sting of his absence.

“You’re drunk too,” Harry accused. He could smell the wine on Sirius’s breath when he had been holding his chin. That was how close their faces had gotten.

“Not nearly as much as you.”

“Oh, and that’s a bad thing?” he scoffed. Who was Sirius to judge? He had spent Harry’s time at Hogwarts drunk more often than not. In fact, if not for Harry moving in and refusing to leave, he probably still would be.

“Go to bed,” Sirius said stiffly. “I’ll see you when you’ve slept it off.”

“Fine,” said Harry. He stood on wobbly legs, clutching the back of the chair and pitching forward. This time, there was no Sirius to catch him before he fell. Thankfully, his hip got the brunt of it, and he staggered upright again by clinging to the edge of the table.

Harry was nearly at the doorway and preparing himself for the *four fucking flights of stairs* to his room when Sirius called for him.

“Oh, and Harry,” Sirius said, not even deigning to look in his direction. “Don’t forget to drink water.”

Harry grunted and trudged up the stairs. When he got to the top, there on his bedside table atop a pile of frilly doilies was a glass of water. Sirius must have had Kreacher deliver it.

Un-fucking-believable.

*

Sirius watched his godson and his freakishly fit legs disappear up the stairs. He had been wearing jeans this time, thank Merlin, but they still had not concealed the sweet curve of his arse or the delicious swell of his calf muscles. They also had not stopped Sirius from cupping Harry’s face in his hands and almost getting pulled in by those pleading eyes.

Those pleading eyes and that pleading mouth.

By gods, that *mouth.*

Harry had just slid it right open, wide and inviting, pink lips parted. He had begged so prettily too. Remus never liked to beg; usually, Sirius was the one begging. But Harry — his godson, his personal demon — was begging him without even being asked.

Sirius had needed to look away. He’d needed Harry to leave before both of them did something they would both regret because he was certain that they *would* regret it.

He closed his eyes, rubbing at them vigorously with his traitorous hands. Maybe if he rubbed hard enough, he could sear the image of Harry’s lips, pink and open, out of his mind.

Harry had been with the blasted Malfoy boy again. He didn’t know what was going on between them. He told himself it had nothing to do with him, that he was just being a concerned godfather. “He’s a teenage boy. He’s allowed to have friends you don’t like,” Remus had said, giving Sirius a knowing look. But were they just friends? Were they *really?*

And they were always getting rip-roaring drunk together. He didn’t remember Harry ever coming home from an outing with Malfoy when he wasn’t slobbering on the carpet (not that Sirius could really complain), but he was *worried.*

Was Harry being safe? Was Harry being happy?

Oh hell, had Harry even made it up the stairs?

Going by the amount of wobbling he had been doing, it was highly likely that he had passed out somewhere in the middle.

“Kreacher!” he called.

A *Pop!* rang out by his left ear.

“Dammit, you blasted elf!” Sirius jumped in his chair.

“My apologies, Master Black. You called?” The wrinkly old elf bowed low to the ground, nose nearly brushing the floor.

“None of that now.” Sirius waved him off. “Make sure Harry gets to his room safely. Oh, and leave some water out for him.” He grimaced, then added reluctantly, “Please.”

Kreacher gave him a nasty side-eye but didn’t protest like he might have a year or a month or, heck, even a week ago. “Right away, sir.” With another *Pop!,* Kreacher and his new set of striped pyjamas were on their way to Harry and ensure he didn’t fall down the stairs.

Sirius trusted Kreacher — of course, he did, the mangey old elf — but *just in case* something went wrong he decided to check on Harry himself.

He trudged up the stairs (stopping for a second to fix his hair in the mirror on the first-floor landing), tiptoed past the sleeping portraits of his despised ancestors (throwing them a rude hand gesture over his shoulder), sprinted past the row of dead elf heads (being careful not to look any of them in the eye), and pressed his ear against the door to Harry’s room on the top floor.

“Harry?” he whispered. Best not to announce himself too loudly.

When Harry didn’t answer right away, he laid his hand on the doorknob and gave it a slight twist.

Open. Hmm. It wouldn’t hurt to take a peek, right? *Right?*

Sirius gave the door a little push and peeked inside.

Kreacher’s glass of water was sitting on the dresser atop a collection of truly hideous lace doilies. Harry’s clothes were scattered on the floor, one item at a time, like a path to the treasure, each step clearly marked.

Jacket. Shirt. Jeans. One sock. Another sock. Glasses. Wand.

Which left Harry only in his tiny tiny pants, sprawled across the bed, his face smushed by the pillow, his breathing unnaturally loud.

Sirius lingered in the doorway, eyes trailing up Harry’s exposed leg, muscular and lithe. Oh, the blessings of youth (and the lack of starving in Azkaban for 12 years). His leg was bent at the knee, revealing the tender muscle of his inner thigh. Sirius’s hand twitched. He wanted to

run his nails over it. He wanted to trace the veins with his tongue, pull the skin into his mouth, and see if it tasted as good as Harry smelled, like musk and recklessness and youth.

Harry moaned in his sleep, and Sirius's pants were suddenly unbearably tight. He made a fist and pressed it to the front of his trousers.

It was one thing to wank to Harry's blurry image when his morning wood refused to cooperate. It was quite another to stand outside Harry's bedroom, peeking in like some obsessed stalker.

He was going to leave, he told himself. Yep, he was going to turn around and march right back downstairs.

You bet Remus's pretty little arse he was…

Any second now…

Just a bit longer…

And…

Harry moaned again, this time flipping himself over in the bed, the sheets doing absolutely nothing to cover the firm globes of his arse with the poor fabric being stretched across them.

"Nnnhh —" Sirius slapped a hand over his mouth to stifle the groan that was making its way out.

It was practically indecent the way Harry looked, arse on display, just begging someone to lay their hands on him, limbs tangled in the sheets. He wondered if Harry had let others do that to him, let them lay their dirty hands all over him, trace the contours of his back, kiss the scars on his chest. He wondered if Harry had let others close to him, close enough to notice the little crease between his brows or feel the outline of his cock through his pants.

Wondering wasn't doing him any good. He felt hot, hot all over, like after running during the full moon, adrenaline and endorphins flooding his brain. Before he knew it, his fly was open, his pants shucked down.

Sirius reached for his cock and felt instant relief.

He really should stop this.

His hand gripped tighter.

He really should stop this gross invasion of privacy on his innocent godson.

His hand started stroking, long slow strokes that matched Harry's breathing.

Well, it was too late now, wasn't it? Might as well go all in.

Sirius sped up his strokes, eyes never leaving the swell of Harry's arse. Gods, he wanted to touch it. He wanted to *feel* Harry writhing beneath his hands.

With a stifled groan, he shot into his hand, careful not to let any spill. He imagined it was Harry's hand stroking him to completion. Harry's plump arse danced behind his eyelids as his orgasm washed through him.

As soon as he finished, he gently shut the door, and a wall of shame hit him. He shouldn't have done that. He wouldn't be able to look Harry in the eye sober for a week.

✲

Harry was drunk again.

It wasn't his fault. Honest! It was *Draco* who had insisted on the extra pints. It was *Draco* who had climbed onto the bar and dared anyone within earshot to go up against Harry in a chugging competition. (Harry had won, not that it mattered). Draco was always the instigator, but it wasn't like Harry ever put up much of a fight.

Harry stumbled home, this time not even trusting himself to use the Floo, and managed to unlock the door in only five tries. Once he was inside, he immediately started stripping. It was almost winter, so why did he feel so *hot?*

Off went his outer jacket, off went his T-shirt, off went his jeans with a hole over the knee. He stopped in the kitchen and threw open a window in just his underwear and socks, feeling the cool breeze across his face. When he had stood there long enough that his cheeks were starting to go numb, he gathered his clothing and stumbled up the stairs.

He was about to pass the drawing room on the way and paused, noticing the fire dwindling in the grate. It wasn't uncommon for Sirius to be up at this hour, but he was usually sequestered alone somewhere, far away from Harry. He approached it, feeling the embers scorching his fevered skin.

"Where were you?"

"Umm." Harry whirled around to see Sirius in the high-back chair, sipping a glass of wine. "I was out," he said evasively.

"With whom?" Sirius asked, his voice pitched low and almost sounding like a growl. A shiver went up Harry's spine that had nothing to do with the cold.

"Why do you care?" Harry snarked, feeling petulant, even though he wasn't sure why.

"Come here," ordered Sirius, crooking a finger, and Harry felt his feet moving automatically across the room before he could stop them. He stopped in front of Sirius's chair, so close that he could feel the heat radiating from the older man's body, the intensity burning in his gaze.

Sirius reached up and gripped Harry's chin. His fingers were cool, and Harry tried not to shudder as they pulled his face closer.

“Who was it? I can smell them all over you.”

Harry flushed. “No one. It was — just someone I met at the pub.”

Sirius’s thumb ghosted over Harry’s bottom lip, leaving the path burning, and Harry realised he was wiping away a drop of come that the man had left when Harry had blown him in the loo, imagining it had been Sirius. (Again, Draco’s idea). He should be embarrassed, he knew. He couldn’t even clean up properly. He had hoped he could sneak in without Sirius noticing.

In one fluid motion, Sirius stood, pulling Harry closer and sticking his face in Harry’s neck. He shuddered as he felt Sirius’s cold nose against his flushed skin, his legs turning to jelly beneath him.

“A stranger, then.” He traversed higher, leaving tingling electricity in every place that he touched. He stopped by Harry’s ear. “You really are desperate,” he murmured.

“No, I —” Harry squirmed.

“You’ll let anyone fuck you. Let them fill your pretty little holes. I bet everyone likes to get their hands on you. I bet you like it.”

“I haven’t — I’ve never —”

Sirius pulled back, his hand tightening on Harry’s jaw. His face was so close, his lips *right there,* but Harry was stuck, frozen, staring into Sirius’s handsome face.

“You’ve never what?”

“I haven’t — Only my mouth. I’ve never been with anyone —” He tried to shake his head, but Sirius’s grip was relentless. “I was waiting,” he finally admitted.

“Waiting for what?”

“For the right person,” he whispered, and he gathered all of his courage, bolstered by the many pints he had drank, and surged up to meet Sirius’s lips in a kiss.

He felt Sirius stiffen, his lips open in surprise, his hand tensing and then releasing. One second, it was bliss, their mouths, their bodies, connected in an Earth-shattering moment. In the next second, Sirius was yanking himself away and pushing Harry off.

Harry fell to the floor on his underwear-clad bum, his bare legs scraping against the carpet. His clothes scattered, and he didn’t bother figuring out where they had gone.

Sirius stared at him, his chest heaving and his eyes dark. He wiped his hand across his mouth like he was trying to get the taste off of it, like he was trying to scrub Harry from his skin.

“You’re drunk,” he said, taking a deep breath and looking away. “You should go to bed.”

“Why do you keep doing that?” Harry demanded. “Sending me away. Ignoring me.” He stood on shaky legs. “I’m not some pet you can just shove into a room when you don’t want to deal

with me. I didn't move in here so you could walk on eggshells all the time. You act like you're afraid to be in the same room as me. Why is that? Huh?"

"Harry —"

"No, Sirius." He was properly angry now, jaw clenched and hands balled into fists at his side. "You promised, remember? You promised me that we would be a proper family, a real family. So, why can't you — *hic* — why can't you even look at me anymore?"

Damn Draco, and damn those extra pints. Harry swayed on his feet, feeling light-headed. His throat was making these ridiculous hiccuping sounds, and his face was embarrassingly wet.

"Shh, baby, shhh. Don't cry. I'm sorry," Sirius soothed. His arms wrapped around Harry, bringing him in closer and holding him tightly. Sirius's robes draped around them, and Harry found himself bawling into Sirius's chest, getting the fabric wet with his tears. He hadn't even realized he was crying, but once he had started, he found that he couldn't stop. He snuggled in closer and blew his nose into Sirius's robes.

"Shhh," Sirius continued crooning. "I've got you. You're okay." He ran a hand over Harry's bare back, up then down. "I've cocked things all up, haven't I?"

Harry sniffled, turning his head so that he rested in the crook of Sirius's neck. He could smell Sirius's musk and feel the stubble of his beard. "It was already a mess. Not like you made it any worse."

"Hmmm," said Sirius, neither agreeing nor disagreeing. Harry could feel the vibration travel through Sirius's chest. "Come on, then." Sirius left a scratchy kiss on Harry's forehead. "Let's get you to bed. You'll feel better in the morning."

"Can you — can you stay with me?" Harry ducked his head. "I don't like sleeping alone." Not since the Horocrux hunt. Not since he used to have Hermione at his back and Ron at his side, never a night apart. When he was with Draco at least, he could drink until he was too out of it to notice the crippling loneliness.

Sirius paused, his hand stilling on Harry's back, but after a moment, he let out a long sigh. "Alright, baby, I'll stay." He pressed another kiss on Harry's head, this one lingering.

✲

When Sirius woke, Harry had an arm draped over his chest, his whole body curled into Sirius's side. Sirius had slept with his nose buried in Harry's hair, in that delicious scent that was purely Harry. It wasn't as strong as when he was a dog, but even human, Harry's scent was intoxicating — something almost spicy.

He pressed a kiss to Harry's forehead, and Harry stirred, blinking up at him with dark, droopy eyes.

"Morning, baby." He stroked his hand down Harry's cheek, caressing the stubble on his jaw. Just a little hint of roughness, not nearly enough to grow a full beard yet. Oh, how Sirius

envied those days. “Do you remember what happened last night?”

Harry blushed, and it was so endearingly innocent that it made Sirius smile.

“Am I dreaming?” said Harry, rubbing a bit of sleep from his eyes.

“I assure you this is not a dream.”

“Huh,” said Harry. He snuggled in closer.

Sirius should probably do something about that. They were well past crossing the lines of propriety now, but no matter how much he tried to convince himself to turn away, his body refused to budge. His hand had even started tracing idle patterns down Harry’s back.

“We should talk about last night.”

“Later,” Harry grumbled, ducking his head and hiding in Sirius’s chest.

“Harry,” Sirius said, sterner, and he felt Harry stiffen, so at least he was listening. Sirius continued to rub his back until he relaxed again. “Harry,” he said more softly, “We are family. No matter how I act or what I say, we will always be family. I’m not going anyway. Afraid you’re stuck with me for life.”

Harry shuffled around so that he was hovering above Sirius, looking down at him.

“That doesn’t sound so bad.”

“Oh, really?” Sirius smiled up at his godson. “You wouldn’t mind keeping an old man around?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “You aren’t old.”

“Older than you,” Sirius murmured.

Harry scooted closer, bringing their chests flush and their faces almost touching. “Was that the problem? You thought I was too young?”

“You are young,” admitted Sirius. “But I suppose that’s not a crime.”

“Is it that you’re my godfather?”

Sirius’s head fell back on the pillow. “James would kill me,” he said morosely to the dark curtains, an ancient relic leftover from when his grandparents had redecorated in a fit of madness.

“Sirius, please. I want you.”

He looked back to his godson — his *true* family. Harry with his sun-kissed skin, his eyes full of longing, his tempting mouth that had plagued him many a night with wicked fantasies.

Harry was young (this was true), but he was also battle-worn and deceptively intelligent. He knew just how to have Sirius in the palm of his hand.

He was also brave, much braver than the old man whose bed he was lying in. Here he was, begging. Sirius felt foolish to resist because, in the end, he would give Harry the moon and stars if he could.

Sirius swept his thumb across Harry's mouth, pulling his lips apart and feeling him exhale shakily. "This is what you want? You're sure?"

Harry nodded, his face heating with a delicious flush.

"Come here," ordered Sirius, and he yanked Harry down, their lips meeting a kiss — a *proper* kiss this time.

He opened the floodgates and surged up to kiss his godson. He easily took control, guiding their movements and savouring the taste of Harry on his tongue. Harry was so young, so innocent, but he met the kiss with enthusiasm, pushing down against Sirius's chest and squirming to get closer. The hot hard length of his erection pushed against Sirius's thigh. Sirius hitched it higher, forcing Harry down to grind harder against it.

"Sirius," Harry moaned, breaking the kiss.

"Lift up," Sirius commanded.

He helped guide Harry's hips up and slid down those tight tight pants, exposing the perfect curve of his arse inch by inch. Sirius took his clothes off as well, preening a bit when Harry got stuck staring at his exposed cock, a dumb-founded expression on his face, which was quickly wiped off when Sirius brought their cocks together and moved.

"That's it, baby. Feels good, doesn't it? I'm going to make you feel so good."

"Sirius," Harry panted, rubbing desperately but getting no relief. "Fuck me, please. I need it."

Sirius left a couple of nips on Harry's jaw. Harry's mouth was open and panting, eyes wide and glassy. All they'd done was a bit of grinding, and he was already a blissed-out mess. Sirius couldn't wait to see what he looked like properly fucked.

"Charms or fingers?"

"Whichever's faster. I need you *now."*

Sirius stilled Harry's hips, reaching over for his wand. With a couple of quick spells, Harry was slick and open, sprawled over Sirius's chest as he tried to catch his breath from the whiplash.

"Sit up. It will be easier," Sirius said gently.

Harry sat up on wobbly legs, and Sirius held his hips as they both guided Sirius's cock to his slicked-up hole.

“Slowly. Take however long you need.”

“I’m not an idiot,” Harry grumbled, shifting his hips a bit, and the head of Sirius’s cock breached the rim, making both of them gasp.

“Never said you were,” replied Sirius, strained. He clung on tighter to Harry’s hips as he slowly lowered himself down, down and down until his arse was flush with Sirius’s balls. It was heat and sparks and overwhelming pleasure, the slight twitching of Harry’s hole as he adjusted, the burning heat as Sirius held his breath and tried not to come on the spot.

“Is it — Am I —”

“Yeah, baby,” Sirius breathed. “Feel so good. So tight. Can’t believe you’ve never done this before.”

“Was waiting,” Harry said petulantly. “Wanted you.”

“Then, have me,” said Sirius.

He lifted Harry up by the hips and dropped him back down. Oh, the feeling was excruciating, the slide of his cock inside Harry. He wanted to thrust up into that tight heat at the same time that he wanted to flip Harry onto his back and rut into him like an animal. But Harry deserved more than that for his first time. *Harry* deserved more than that.

Harry bounced up and down on Sirius’s cock, Sirius’s hands tight on his hips. It was a faster pace than Sirius, himself, would have set, but Harry was moaning out with each thrust, his glorious arse making wet slapping sounds every time he fell onto Sirius’s lap. He had had dreams about that arse, illicit fantasies about using his tongue to lick inside and feel Harry squirm. Maybe next time. But for now, Sirius trailed his hands lower, grabbing one fleshy globe in each hand and squeezing.

“That’s it, Harry. Gods, you feel amazing.”

“Nnnh nnnh nhhh,” Harry moaned, bouncing up and down and incoherent from the force of it.

“Fuck, baby, come on.” Sirius took Harry’s cock in his hand and stroked. “I want you. I’ve always wanted you. Fucking come for me. Show me how much you want me, too.”

That was it. His words were like an *Expulso.* Harry came, shuddering and gasping. He sprayed into Sirius’s hand as Sirius stroked him through it. Sirius had never seen anything hotter, his godson lost in the throes of ecstasy, too turned on to even keep his eyes open.

“Oh, fuck,” gasped Sirius, and he, too, was coming, following Harry over the edge and spurting hard and deep into Harry’s clenching body.

They finished, panting, Harry collapsing on Sirius’s chest and not even bothering to clean up the glob of stickiness between them. Sirius’s cock was slowly softening, still inside Harry’s used hole.

“That was…”

“I know,” Sirius vehemently agreed. “But next time I’m sucking your cock. I want to swallow you down as you come on my fingers.”

Harry made a strangled sound, half-gurgle half-hiccup. Sirius loved that even after all that, after seeing each other verifiably naked with Sirius’s cock up his arse, he still knew how to fluster his godson.

End Notes

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